

# The Republican

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W. J. COOPER, Editor and Proprietor.

## MURKINSON.

MRS. GRANT'S RECEPTION.  
We are authorized to announce that the Tuesday afternoon receptions of Mrs. Grant will be discontinued until further notice.

## SPEAKER BLAINE'S RECEPTIONS.

Speaker Blaine's next reception will be Friday evening, March 18th, from 9 to 11 o'clock.

## St. Patrick's Day and the Irish People.

The redoubtable 17th of March is upon us, the great national anniversary of the Irish people, and not only of the Irish people properly so called, but of their "seed, breed and generation," scattered all over the habitable globe. There are six millions pure in "Green Erin of the Britains," a falling off of two and a half millions since 1845; and counting their immediate progeny they constitute, perhaps, as many more over the broad face of this continent. They abound in Australia; they swarm in California; you'll find them on the banks of the Ganges and the Tigris, as well as on the Mississippi and the Plate; in the West India Islands and New Zealand, as well as in Nova Scotia and the Canadas. They are a power in the very heart of Britain. Their colleges in France, Spain, Belgium and Italy—a date of our existence as a nation. Not one important centre of industry in England, Scotland and Wales that has not its Irish colony of brain and muscle. They literally swarm in Liverpool and Manchester, Leeds and Sheffield, Glasgow and Edinburgh, the mining centres of West Britain and the hop region on the English channel; whilst the Celts garrison in London encounters the entire population of Limelink.

In the last century one corps of the French army was constituted of twenty thousand native-born Hibernians, commanded by their own officers of Irish birth—the very men and their sons who visited victory from the English banner on the plain of Fontenoy. "Never," said Arch Duke Charles of Austria, to Colonel O'Shea, who commanded three thousand Austrians at the Great Battle of Wagram, "never was the House of Austria better off than when possessing so many Irish, of whom at one time upwards of thirty were generals." (Wakedin, vol. 2, p. 372.) They are the main stay of the British periodical press, taking the first place in both Houses of Parliament as stereotypers, and on all the great organs of opinion as writers, from the broad sheet to the ponderous quarterly—a fact recently acknowledged by the London Times. One only hemisphere of the Earth is exclusively Irish, in the stock and beaten as well as in its literature, and never yet has any one but a native-born Irishman attained the altitude of a "star" in the hemisphere.

They are similarly conspicuous in oratory. What American lawyer has not heard of Grattan and Flood and O'Connell and Phillips, and the Sheridan's, while Edmund Burke as a legislator, an orator, an advocate and a writer, has very few equals in history. Nor, are they wanting in science, as the likes of Boyle and Molyneux and Berkely and Kirwan, and Snow and Lardner attest. Their school of medicine and surgery is one of the most respectable in Europe, dating from Abernethy and O'Connor of Ireland, up to Crampton and Cusack. In literature they have produced some of the brightest names in the English language, too numerous to be even counted here—Goldsmith, Swift, Sterne, Moore, Lover, Denham, Steele, and Molesworth, will be at once recalled by every student of the English classics. Well may Protestants pride in the names of James Usher and Adam Clark, while the Roman Catholics point to Luke Wadding and John Lingan, four of the greatest ecclesiastical intellects in history and biblical learning that the last three centuries have produced. Their works, written in the Latin tongue, alone would make a library in themselves.

And here, out of place, comes up the great name of Congreve, Souther, Farquhar, Curran, Sheridan, Wellington, the Belmonts, and many more in the walks of literature and war. Truly this is a remarkable people, considering their struggle of six centuries with oppression and hardships. Well may they exclaim in the words of the Latin poet—*Quae regia in terra non poma laboris—* what part of the earth is not blighted with our toil!

But toil and oppression are forgotten to-day—the anniversary of that remarkable man's death, to whose life and labors as a missionary of the Gospel, their country owes the brightest pages of history. From the low thatched shelter of the peasant to the sumptuous drawing-rooms of Dublin Castle, where the most kindly逆境 in Europe still abounds, enthroned with coronet and sceptre, on this, his greatest reception-day, Nay, in the very halls of Windsor Castle itself, in the presence of no mock royalty, but the genuine article, this 17th of March is a day of feasting and gladness. The entire Parliamentary delegation from Ireland, leading Irish peers in the Upper House, of every shade of politicks and religious belief, celebrate this day, or rather this night, by a sumptuous supper at the Freemason's tavern, in London, "and the wearing of the Green."

In this connection we present a history of Ireland's patron saint:

St. Patrick, the saint of the "Green" and the "Glorious," the land of poetry and song, was born in a village called Bannow, Tasmania, which appears to be the present site of Killarney, in the county of Cork, on the river Glyde, in Ireland, between Dunbarry and Glagore. He was his mother's both a Briton and a Gaul, and his father a Christian, who had been a soldier in the Roman legions. After six months sent in slavery he returned to his country, and during his stay there, he says, he was compelled to do so in a dream.

His escape from servitude was brought about by the intervention of the Virgin Mary, who appeared to him in a vision, and bade him return to his country, assuring him on board of a vessel to set sail for Ireland. He had no money, but he had a small portion of gold, which he sold to a man named Mullist, who gave him a boat, and sent him to Ireland.

He had a hard time of it, but he was successful, and after many trials and difficulties, he reached Ireland, and became a hermit, living in a cave, and subsisting on roots and herbs. He was soon discovered by a hermit, who took him to a monastery, and there he became a monk.

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